

T H E *Cup. 21 g. 27/20*

# LAMENTATION

O F

ALBION'S GENIUS

O V E R

*BRITANNIA.*

O BRITANNIA! how art thou fallen! Thy honour and renown low in the dust are laid: A crimson gloomy cloud throws a baleful shade o'er the splendor of thy once glorious name.

When magnanimity, clemency, and justice, were thy counsellors and guides, tyrants and wicked men trembled at thy powerful name; thy people bravely fought, or nobly fell, in thy defence: But now (tell it not in Gath---let not the streets of Askelon hear the amazing change) the flower of British troops are forc'd, alas! to cut their brothers' throats.

O Britannia! thy predecessors (of glorious memory) planted the vineyard, and with paternal love studied to cherish and protect, what they with ceaseless toil and painful industry did plant or build;---then thy empire in dignity arose, and filled the world with admiration!

Thy sceptre then was righteousness; but now a rod of scorpions, a bar of iron, to break in pieces, to root up, and to destroy the toil of ages. O Britannia! why wilt thou pull ruin and desolation on thyself? Sheath thy destructive sword, nor roll thy garments in thy people's blood. Is the Almighty pleas'd with man's destruction? If so, thy merit is beyond compare, nor can history produce thy parallel.

But see! thy Genius weeps! Let it not be in vain!---Listen to his friendly admonitions; consult the Oracle, the Sacred Oracle of God; think on these words: "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God."



THE  
LAMENTATION  
OF  
ALBION'S GENIUS  
OVER  
BRITANNIA

BRITANNIA! how art thou fallen! Thy towers  
and towers low in the dust are laid; A crimson  
cloud throws a pale shade o'er the splendor of  
thy once glorious name.

When magnanimity, clemency, and justice were thy  
counselors and guides, tyrants and wicked men trembled  
at thy powerful name; thy people bravely fought, or  
nobly fell in thy defence; but now (tell it not in Gath--  
let not the streets of Ashkelon hear the amazing change) the  
flower of British troops are laid, alas! to cut their pro-  
prietors' throats.

O Britons! thy predecessors (of glorious memory)  
planted the vineyard, and with paternal love studied to  
cherish and protect; what they with ceaseless toil and  
painful industry did plant or build;--then thy empire in  
dignity stood, and filled the world with admiration!

Thy scepter then was righteousness; but now a rod of  
scorpions, a bar of iron, to break in pieces, to root up,  
and to destroy the soil of ages. O Britons! why wilt  
thou sell ruin and desolation on thyself? Shedd's  
destructive sword, not all thy garments in thy people's  
blood. Is the Almighty pleased with man's destruction?  
Who, the merit is beyond compare, nor can history pro-  
duce the parallel.

But see! thy Genius weeps! Let it not be in vain!--  
Listen to his friendly admonitions; consult the Oracles  
the Sacred Oracles of God; think on these words: "He  
that will overcome men must be first, ruling in the fear of  
God."